CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

AND WHY EVEN OF YOURSELVES JUDGE YE NOT WHAT IS RIGHT?——LUKE XII. 57.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, AT 81 WASHINGTON STREET.—PRINTED BY ISAAC R. BUTTS AND CO.

VOL. V. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1826. No. 47.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Extract of a Letter from William Roberts to the Rev. Dr S. Rees, dated

Madras, June 30th, 1825.

From the middle of last year my circumstances became very low; a debt, also, of nearly one hundred pagodas for printing and paper was hanging very heavly upon me; these, on being informed, the Rev. W. Adam, of Calcutta, very kindly sent me one hundred pagodas, with excellent advice for my conduct; the heavy debt was discharged in last February, though my low circumstances continued; yet the discharging of that debt, made me much easier. Our school-master, Antony Maliapat, and catechist, Daniel Savery Mooto, though without their allowances for the last six months, yet hoping for the best, they have continued faithful in their duties. Our Pursewaukum school-master was not able to do; so he got into a gentleman's service, and is gone up the country. This school is under my roof; with the assistance of the head scholar, David Savory Mooto, our catechist's son, I have managed to keep up; your present supplies will make every thing even and easy again. May Providence bless our well wishers and promoters of pure religion to continue their attention and assistance to us, obscure, native Unitarians in this part of the world! that we may fearlessly continue to bear witness to the unity and sole worship of the Creator of heaven and earth, and the Messiahship of the man, Jesus Christ.

My friend Lazarus Handiapah, of whom I have mentioned in my last letter to the Rev. F. —— of his having gone with the late expedition as a mess butler, about three months ago, as he was returning sick from Rangoon, died on the passage; he has left a wife and children, an aged mother, and other relations, to bemoan his death; he was the man that has been the cause of much good at Hanicollam, and had built a school-room there for the education of Unitarian and other poor children in that part. Since he became a Christian he has done a great deal to promote the truth; he even purchased books and tracts at his own cost, and gave away gratis; his death is much felt by our little society.

At the close of the last year, one heathen man received baptism in our chapel; his name Israel Polliatan. In the beginning of this year, one Trinitarian, Daniel Painey, with his two young sons, joined our society. This man, about six years back, by reading my tract, called Tharunagalachatty, 'Seasonable light," which fell into his hands accidentally, became convinced of his heathen superstition; but not meeting with Unitarians at that time, he, by the persuasion of some newly converted Methodists, received baptism at Mr Lych's new chapel at Royapettah, without saying any thing to his family; but on becoming more acquainted with the doctrines and worship of the Trinitarians, his mind was not a little disturbed, and had no eagerness to have his children christened. While in this state of mind his master came to reside in the neighborhood of Pursewaukum; here meeting with some Unitarians, conversing at leisure, he found Unitarianism to be rational religion, agreeable to the bible, and every way to accord with his conscience. Without minding the fewness of our number, which is a great stumbling block, and objection to too many, he christened his two sons in our chapel, and himself joined our society openly. Both the boys are now in our school learning to read; his Methodist, and other Trinitarian friends were not a little displeased with this, his conduct, but they, instead of endeavoring to convince him of the wrongfulness of his Unitarian opinions, shun his person. The Trinitarian teachers know full well that their opinions will not stand ground before Unitarianism; they earnestly advise their disciples to keep off from Unitarians and their books, lest they be infected with their God-denying heresy; the worshippers of one God, in the estimation of Trinitarians, are God-denying heretics, and they are not Christians. In such state of things what kindness can Unitarians expect from Trinitarians?

My countrymen in general all over the country are heathens; there are among them many Moors, some Catholics, and few Protestants. Of late years the Protestant missionaries have much increased; schools are established in many parts of the country, as well as in Madras; places of worship are built; doctrinal tracts, according to the Trinitarian view of the gospel, are abundantly printed, and are in circulation, as well as the scriptures in the native languages. Preachers go about preaching, and are ready to impart instruction to those that will venture to come to them. But conversion is very slow; the distinction of high and low casts remains among the converts; the missionaries are certainly earnest in their exertions, and no doubt but by their instruction and virtuous examples some good is done to the natives; but in return, I fear the missionaries receive very little consolation from their converts. To do justice to the natives of this country, the missionaries must lay aside altogether their present Trinitarian doctrines; for they are truly insurmountable iron bars against the natives reading the bible and contemplating its incomparable beauties for themselves. The doctrines of the bible should be taught in the words of the bible only, and also trace back the East Indian mythology to its real source, and expose it openly, as Dr Priestley has done in respect to that of the corruptions of Christianity; for the mythology of this country is not mere superstition only, but it also contains some real history that has a close connexion with true religion, though it is very much corrupted in its present state; and it would require much attention, and will often disgust the feeling of the virtuous mind of Europeans before it can be perceived. Yet these knots should be fairly loosened from its present connexion, and point out from whence it came, before any real attention could be drawn from the natives to behold and contemplate the heaven-born religion of Jesus Christ. At present the good missionaries say one thing, and their bible says another thing. The best of the present missionaries' works, and the everlasting monument of their indefatigable labors, are the education of the poor young ones, and the translation and circulation of the Bible in the native languages. This vigorous seed, though at present cast upon impenetrable hard ground, with some mixture of unpalatable ingredients, yet we may hope that God, in his own good time will give moisture to the ground, and make his pious servants' works produce fruits. This, however, should not, I think, deter the English and American Unitarians from sending their missionaries as soon as they can, to bless this country with their purer view of the gospel.

The Monthly Repository for September contains an account of the anniversary meetings of several local associations, at one of which Mr B. Waterhouse from the United States preached on the character of Christianity and of its Author, from 1 Tim. i, 11.

DOMESTIC.

A Peace Society has been formed in Windham County, Connecticut, of which Dr Thomas Hubbard is President, George Benson, Esq. Rev. Mr Loomis, and Samuel Perkins, Esq. Vice Presidents, Rev. Ambrose Edson, recording Secretary, and Rev. S. J. May, Corresponding Secretary. The Society is to be incorporated, and is to have two public addresses annually. Dr Hubbard is to deliver the first anniversary address, and Mr Perkins is to advocate the cause at Pomfret in February next.

A new Peace Society has also been formed in Hebron, Maine, by the agency of Mr Ladd.

Some arrangements have been recently made for the purpose of forming an *American Peace Society*.

The Hon. Timothy Fuller will deliver the address at the next Anniversary of the Massachusetts Peace Society on the 25th of December.

The Annual Meeting of the British *Society for promoting Permanent and Universal Peace* was held on the 23d of May last. Many addresses were made on the occasion. The Annual Report takes respectful notice of the death and character of Alexander, and quotes with approbation the Message of President Adams. Encouraging circumstances are noted in all parts of the world. 29000 of the Society's tracts have been sold and distributed during the year, and the amount of subscriptions was 569£. Two measures have been adopted, which are spoken of as promising valuable results. The first, enlisting the periodical press every where in the cause, procuring the insertion of essays in favor of peace, in all the provincial papers. The other, holding district meetings in the several, villages which has been done with great success by the Huddersfield Auxiliary.

"We have recently adopted," say they, "the practice of holding district meetings in the surrounding villages, which, if continued, is likely to produce beneficial results. One meeting has been held at Lindley, and another at Deighton, in their respective Sabbath School-Rooms, which were kindly offered for the occasion. The attendance at both places was numerous and respectable, and the statements of the objects of the Peace Society, and of its proceedings were listened to with apparent attention and interest. The tracts of the Parent Society were gratefully received, with expressions indicative of a strong desire for better acquaintance with a principle so powerfully sanctioned by Scripture and by reason, and productive of consequences favorable to the general interest of the human race. Other villages have requested to be favored with district meetings, which we consider a pleasing indication of their disposition to promote the object of the Society."

SELECTIONS.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN A MILITARY ACADEMY. By a letter from a Cadet of the Military Academy at West Point, which has appeared in several religious Newspapers, we are informed that considerable attention to religion among the Students, has been excited by the instrumentality of the Professor of Ethics. Implying that the professor has some opposition to encounter, the letter says.—

"He has however, fought manfully in the cause, and succeeded in converting 5 or 6, and throwing serious impressions over many more; and I think I may say the whole corps has been more or less affected. Two have received baptism after Episcopalian ceremony, which is impressive when witnessed for the first time. The subjects walked out from among their comrades into the aisle in full uniform—and one of them, having on his belts and side arms, knelt and audibly assisted in the ceremony, by responding to the minister. Both of these belong to the present first class, and one of them has a very respectable standing."

We are not disposed to scoff at revivals of religion, wherever they may occur, or whoever may be the subjects—nor to disparage a work which may be good, though accompanied with deplorable incongruities. We wish however to lead people to reflect on the improper and discordant associations which abound in Christendom.

In the narrative before us we behold two young men, who had been studying the *science of manslaughter*, publicly avowing that they had become the disciples of Him who "came not to destroy men's lives but to save them." Yet in this solemn act they appear "in full uniform," as military men, "and one of them with belts and side-arms!" Had their object been to avow themselves converts to the Mahometan faith, this martial array would have corresponded with their profession. For Mahomet was a military chieftain, who propagated his religion by weapons of death, and who promised heaven to those who should die fighting, in his sanguinary battles. But the founder of the Christian religion was a very different character. He was the Prince of Peace—meek, lowly, benevolent, and forgiving. He accordingly promised blessedness—not to the haughty, the revengeful, and the war-maker, but to the humble, the meek, and the peace-makers. What can the military uniform and "side arms" have to do in avowing subjection to such a Prince? No two things are more opposed to each other, than the fighting spirit and the spirit of Jesus Christ. Why then should the symbols of affections so opposite be associated in the ceremonies of the Christian religion?

Without deviating from the spirit and example of the founder of their religion, the Mahometans may indulge the spirit of war—glory in the feats of war, and associate the feelings and the symbols of war with their religious services. But when Christians do thus, are they not, in these things, followers of Mahomet rather than of the Messiah?

But are the two Cadets alone in such inconsistency? No, verily. Thousands and tens of thousands of older professors, and even Ministers of the Gospel, have been eqally inconsistent. By giving popularity to war and every thing military, the people of Christendom have rendered their religion a heterogeneous compound of Paganism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. Military feelings and Military feats are in as high repute among professed Christians, as among Mahometans, Pagans, or Savages. Hence the spirit of war and its symbols and instruments become associated with the solemn services of the Christian religion.

Should we now read for the first time in some ancient history that Jesus came to John to be baptized, arrayed in military uniform, with "belts and side arms;" who would not pronounce the narrative a vile forgery on account of its contrariety to all that has ever been known of the character of the Messiah? Though he is called "the CAPTAIN of our Salvation," his character, his spirit, and his objects were the reverse of every thing military; and such ought to be the character, the spirit, and the objects of all who assume the name of his disciples. If such were now the fact, wars would be known no more in Christendom, and the science of human slaughter would be studied no more among Christians.

Nothing in the preceding remarks has been intended to imply a want of sincerity in the two Cadets. They probably acted according to the light they had obtained. They had grown up in a military world, surrounded by the examples of *military Christians!* We hope the day is not far distant when the spirit of the Christian religion shall be better understood by its Ministers and its professors—when it shall be known that the military spirit is not the spirit of Christ, and that "he who has not the spirit of Christ is none of his."

Friend of Peace.

A NEW NAME FOR UNITARIANS PROPOSED.

[We know that many of our readers will be gratified with the following article from the English Monthly Repository.]

By what particular name our societies might best distinguish themselves instead of that of Unitarians, is of course a point on which many opinions must be expected, and is not in itself of first rate importance; but that of *Philadelphians* appears to me as agreeable, unobjectionable, and as much to the purpose, as any which could be proposed. That a name which is in itself a continual challenge to a difficult and obnoxious controversy, has an unfavorable influence on our cause, I have little doubt. Our opinions, indeed, on this and other subjects we must have, and ought not to be ashamed to confess or backward to profess them whenever occasion requires. But I think it will be admitted, that *as a religious society* associating for the purposes of worship and instruction, it is desirable to adopt as broad and liberal a basis of communion as is consistent with the attainment of those purposes. The use of the name *Unitarian* implies that a rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity is the avowed principle of our association. This appears to me to be at once too narrow and too broad a basis; too narrow, because it requires a positive decision on a perplexed and difficult theological question, for which many, although practically and devotionally Unitarians, are not exactly prepared; and too broad because its provisions are wholly negative, and may suit too well the temper of many very irreligious persons, of whom it is much easier to discover that they disbelieve the Trinity than to say what it is that they do believe.

Can there not at length, after so many centuries of unavailing dispute, be Christian societies formed on the express principle of waiving all controverted points, and being satisfied with the avowal and inculcation of those many and great religious truths concerning whose scriptural authority there is no question? In such societies, disputable points would be left entirely to private opinion; and if a minister thought it well on any occasion to state or maintain his own, the common feeling of his audience, and the acknowledged rule of the society, would oblige him to do it with that modest deference to the judgment of others, which befits a private individual, instead of the imposing dogmatism which is so naturally assumed by those who are backed by the authority of a church. As to the devotional parts of the service, it would be required that they should be such as all could join in without offence; they would, therefore, turn entirely on those great truths which no Christians deny. May we not confidently assume, that there is nothing of primary importance in the Christian religion but what is so plainly and repeatedly taught in the New Testament, as to be obvious to every reader who is only commonly honest and impartial? Therefore, a society which, taking the New Testament for its guide, leaves the interpretation of its contents perfectly open and unrestrained, insisting only on the points in which all agree, is in no danger of failing in any part of the truth about which it need be much concerned. How truly catholic would be the spirit of such a society! How wisely and well would the distinction be observed between what is essential in religion and what is not so! In how fair and new a light would the Christian religion be presented to the world! What are all the disputed matters but the shadows and phantoms of night, glimmering as it were by a feeble star light, whilst the great and indisputable truths of the gospel have a radiance like the sun, and, if we would but forget our misty disputes, would rise upon us with the lustre of perfect day! If, therefore, a religious society is formed on a principle which excludes dogmatism, and gives a proper precedence to the unquestioned truths of Scripture by allowing them alone to be the subject matter of those devotions in which all must join, this appears to be all that the nature of the case requires. We may gladly hail all who will accede to this principle as our fellow-worshippers, and it is ungenerous to adopt any name or lay down any rule which would tend to prevent them from becoming so.

It is also in my opinion highly impolitic and unwise to narrow our ground any further. Religious prejudices must be dealt with gently: a formal and heroic renunciation of them is an effort to which few minds are equal, and if we attempt to urge on such a decision prematurely, the result will often be, that after a violent struggle they maintain their ground, and inquiry is at an end for ever; just as we see that an unsuccessful attempt to obtain freedom often rivets the chains of the oppressed. Unitarians, therefore, ought, as far as I can see, to aim at softening the line of distinction between their societies and those of other Christians, instead of rendering it glaring and conspicuous. Every circumstance of unnecessary scandal should be carefully removed. The avowed principle should not be specifically a rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity, but that more handsome and liberal one of keeping on plain and common ground, from which in effect it must inevitably follow. For the same reason the name of Unitarian, although very suitable for designating a certain doctrine when occasion calls us to do so, is, I think, very improper as the current appellation of our chapel and societies: it provokes prejudice, occasions scandal, savours of contentiousness, and may even excite it; and, in short, hurts our societies both within and without. Nothing can be easier than for the members of any congregation to form themselves into what they may call a *Philadelphian* Society, in the constitution of which a fund for the relief of distressed members would be an appropriate justification of a name implying brotherly love, and the same appellation would naturally be extended to their chapel. I cannot but think that such a society, embodying and avowing its truly generous and liberal principle in so appropriate a name, would be something new and lovely; it would be like a bird of fair omen, a dove with an olive branch after long ages of theological gloom and rancour. Supposing, as we do, that Unitarianism is true, this system could not fail to be tantamount to it; but then it would be Unitarianism placed on its right footing; not insisted on as one among many other party doctrines, but appearing as the catholic and undisputed doctrine of Christianity. It would be Unitarianism erected on the pedestal of liberality, and surmounted with the capital of Christian love. T. F. B.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

THANKSGIVING.

It is at once a beautiful and melancholy season, when at the close of the year we meet together, the long known and the well loved, at the banquet and before the altar, at the social board, and in the temple of the Eternal. They whom interest, or distance, or perhaps unkindness, has estranged from the family band meet together now; hand grasps hand, and heart expands to heart. I well remember with what eagerness I used to anticipate the return of this anniversary—when after the morning service, which to me never appeared so long as on this occasion, we met at the family board; from the hoary grandsire, down to the noisy members of a third and even a fourth generation. And when evening closed upon the cheerful circle, there was an annual game of blind-man's-buff, where the oldest were happy to become children again, and the wise and the aged to lay aside wisdom and years, and return once more to the spirit of days, that for them had long past away. Then, when the youngest of the party had reluctantly retired, and the evening circle was enlarged by the addition of a few invited friends, the merry dance succeeded; where the light foot vied with the lighter heart, and many a laughing girl took her partner for a longer dance. And music too was there; and then might be seen the youth hanging over the fair and favorite performer of some favorite air; its sweetest tones sweeter, that they were breathed from loved and lovely lips, that sent every note thrilling home to his heart. All were there—the watchful mother and the blooming maiden; youth with its high and generous feelings; manhood with its calm and thoughtful brow; and age living over again the past in the present. There too might be seen amid their general blending of joy, the private feeling or policy of the individuals; where esteem had ripened to admiration, and admiration kindled into love, its doubting timid advances, or even more eloquent avoidance of its object; the silent watchfulness of the mother; the blushing consciousness of the maiden; the artful manœuvring of friends and opposers to unite or separate them, and there is always this petty machinery; the keen glances of the lover, noting every thing, yet apparently observing nothing; and the affected unconsciousness of all:—and on the contrary, where private animosity existed, the marked politeness, easy address, and nice observance of the slightest etiquette—all were there. And all are now gone. The ardor of that love is quenched in age or buried in death; the busy tongue has gone down to the house of silence;—friends have forgotten their friendship, and foes have buried their hatred under the green sod of the valley. All are gone—or if a few yet remain, they are but as the solitary leaf that the autumn winds have spared; they have withstood the tempest indeed for a time, but now when the tree trembles they must fall.

From the verge of the horizon of life, it is pleasant and well to look back to its early days—to blot out the years we have lived, and to breathe once more amid the shadows of our youth; loved friends, proud expectations, desolated prospects and disappointed hopes. The feelings of youth will remain when youth has departed, and beautiful recollections of distant days linger in the memory, like the setting sunbeam on the far off hill top.

Yet there is something sad in the thought that our rejoicing is over the grave of the season. We know indeed that decay *must* follow change, and that death *will* tread on decay. Trees put forth their leaves, and they are scattered even by the summer breeze. The rose-tree hangs out its blossoms to the sun, and the west wind comes over them, and the garden is strewed with their beautiful ruins. And the wild bird sports amid the summer branches, and he too has the wings of our hopes, and when the winter comes he flies away. Yet we shrink not the less from decay, that we know not the time when the spoiler will call for his prey. And it seems a bitter mockery when he chooses that hour which man has set apart for joy; when they whom we love depart with the fading flowers and the falling leaves, and we weep at their desertion the more, that we weep hopeless, and desolate, and alone; that fresh leaves shall return, and flowers put forth again in the spring, and we turn in to the loneliness of our own deserted hearts, and feel, "They went with the flowers, but they shall not return." These are thoughts that come up amid the joy of the feast, like the death's head at the banquet of the monarch of yore, and speak yet a deeper and a sterner language; for they tell us not that *we* are mortal, but that the chill of mortality is breathed on the fair flowers, that are rooted the deepest in our hearts; and that "death" is written over the portals, even of our life of life. True the *day* of rejoicing arrives, but where the arrow is driven the poor heart will ache on. The note of praise is indeed heard, but who can enter the secret sanctuary—who can number the tears that are *not heard*—who can measure the bitterness of despair that is buried in the silence of the broken heart? As the wounded deer seeks in the dark covert a shelter alike from its companions and from man, the spirit buries in its own dark depths the wound, on which it shrinks from communion with aught but its God.

There are in every bosom feelings, that if roused, will not sleep again; a spark that once kindled, will burn on, till it flame out in the volcano. It matters little what may be the cause that excited them, whether it be ambition, or hatred, or revenge, or love. The tempest is abroad; and it matters little that we know whence came the thunderbolt, that has smitten fair hopes with scathing and desolation. It matters little too what may be the character on which they act; whether it be the feeble mind that seeks relief in the bitterness of complaint; or the darker spirit that revels in the hope of revenge; or the lofty deep-toned mind, whose own thoughts have become the ministers of despair, yet, in the strength of silent endurance, stands calmly and proudly amid its ruined hopes, triumphing still even over its own desolation—there

they are. Mountains may shut in the volcano, the ocean may roll over the fires that should have burst forth in the earthquake, but not mountains nor oceans can shut in the fullness of the heart, when the awakened spirit *will* be heard.

There is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of every heart, this tinge of strong, perhaps romantic feeling. We may bury it deep from the observation of others, we may throw over it the veil of icy manners, or cold pride; we may conceal the weakness of the heart in the heart's secret chambers, till it is hidden even from our own eyes;—but when unexpected circumstances have suddenly roused it into life, then his slumbers will be shaken from the sleeping lion. The feelings we had vainly chained in the prison-house of our hearts, will rush forth like the tempest. The barriers we had idly heaped before them, will be whirled away like the autumn leaves, and the strong feelings of nature will break forth as the earthquake breaks forth bearing destruction before, leaving desolation behind them.

But these are recollections and feelings that are fast passing away. "Time robs the diamond," and one by one sweeps away our heart's idols and hopes, till we feel that we are left alone in the world; hoping nothing, loving nothing, fearing nothing,

"without the tie,
For which we loved to live or feared to die."

We have stood, perhaps, like some goodly tree, which has long reared its head in the pride of its beauty; but bud after bud is blighted; blossom after blossom is scattered; leaf after leaf falls; branch after branch has the storm rent away; the hand of time has been busy at its heart; and it falls—in the loneliness of the desert it falls—and its graceful ruins cumber the spot it was wont to freshen with its shade. And yet so gradual are the footsteps of change and decay, that we hardly notice their approach, till the recurrence of these anniversaries warns us, as it were, to breathe for a moment from our course, and to look back for those who left the goal with us, and but now were at our sides and in our hearts; but their places have been blotted from the records of life; and if our memory has treasured their names, it has but added them to the sad catalogue of broken and forgotten friendships. Then it is that the past rises before us; and feelings that have long slumbered in the grave of years, bound again into being. There is no voice like the voice of the dead, when from the "shoreless sea" it calls back to us, who yet linger behind, and, with our sails trimmed, wait but the breeze that is to speed us onward and homeward with them.

So it must still be. They who were many as the snowflakes around me, have melted like them away. The past is now but a pleasant dream, and the world of spirits, and the valley of shadows are before me. And as my "feet stumble on the dark mountains," and I go forth alone on my homeward path, there is a stern consolation in the thought, that surviving all, there are left no ties that the heart trembles to break. I would not that it were otherwise. Unmourned, unmourning, I would depart. And as the chains that would have grappled my spirit to the earth are broken, I wait but the summons to spurn the shackles from me, and speed away where rejoicing is without trembling, and thanksgiving is unmingled with tears. T.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1826.

We are happy to learn that the Trustees of the Publishing Fund have adopted resolutions, which, if carried into effect, will give to its operations an efficiency that they have for sometime wanted. This institution was organized about five years since, and has been the means of issuing several useful tracts. The efforts of its managers were embarrassed by the publication of a larger work, which drew heavily on its resources, and their edition of which, being anticipated by a reprint of the same work by the booksellers, had a very inconsiderable sale. We understand, that they have now resolved to confine themselves to narratives and to children's books; and that they propose to publish series of tracts of this description, in as quick succession as the difficulties in the way of obtaining those which are original, or suitable, will allow. There are, doubtless, many persons who would write such stories, if they felt the obligation of doing the good which they can, in this way. Here is a channel by which they may communicate with the public without personal responsibleness or risk; and we are authorized to state, that the Trustees would hold themselves indebted to any one who would put at their disposal, manuscripts containing narratives suited to convey practical instruction either to children or to older persons.

Mr Eddy of New York has published a statement, drawn from the register of a school for colored children, in that city, which sets in a very favorable point of view, the influence of education. That school was instituted in 1787, and about 3000 pupils have been entered. Since the introduction of the monitorial system, the number of pupils has increased, and it is now about 450. The teacher of the school says, that he has never known or heard of any boy, who had completed an education at the school, who had afterward been convicted of any crime, and he adds, that the Trustees have taken pains, from time to time, to ascertain this fact.

The Review of the "Poetry of Mrs Hemans, in the Christian Examiner, is an article full of powerful thought and expression, and stating principles of literary taste and criticism, which ought to have prevailing weight. It insists on a standard of excellence in literature, higher than is often assumed, and which rightfully banishes from it every thing immoral and low. "The highest excellencies of the poet or of the eloquent writer are *truth*, in a very extensive sense of the term, and *moral beauty and sublimity*. In other words, that poetry or eloquence is most excellent, which is most adapted to give pleasure to him who apprehends and feels most justly as a moral and intellectual being." The developement and illustration of this sentiment is worth studying. It is a fit introduction to the remarks on the poetry reviewed. The works of Mrs Hemans, it is said, "are eminently distinguished by moral beauty, and the noble expression of high sentiments. Images of what is lovely, affecting, and glorious in human character are reflected from her mind as from an unsullied mirror." It is added, that the literary course of this author has thus far been one of continual improvement.

As we have seen in some prints an impatient call for the volume now in press, we copy for general information the last paragraph of the Review.

"The volume of Mrs Hemans' Poems, for which proposals were issued a few months since, will now shortly be published. In typographical beauty and correctness it will in some degree correspond to the contents of the volume, and answer, it is hoped, to the just expectations of the subscribers. The difficulty of accomplishing these objects has been the principal cause of delay in its appearance. Immediately upon its publication, the Forest Sanctuary, with the accompanying poems, will be put to press, and printed uniformly with it. It should be understood that any publications of Mrs Hemans' works by the editor of these two volumes will be for the benefit of the author.

We take the following extracts from a communication in the New York Observer and Chronicle, and recommend them to the perusal of Christians. In this city, a reading-room, containing not religious works, but newspapers only, is opened on the sabbath in the same building with the post office, and offers a new seduction to merchants to go directly from the house of worship to the centre of commercial intelligence, where the impressions of the sanctuary are at once defaced. A decided expression of *christian* opinion might remove this offence to seriousness and devotion. The fact stated at the close of this article suggests our duty on the other matter.

"OPENING OF THE POST-OFFICE ON SUNDAY.

"Many of the violations of the sanctity of the sabbath are, from the constitution of our society, beyond the reach, even of the authority of the magistrate; but there is one, the pernicious effects of which, it appears to me, are not sufficiently estimated, and which, I am persuaded, only requires the united efforts of Christians to be remedied—it is the opening of the post-offices of the United States, and the delivery of letters on the sabbath day.

"I am aware that it is urged that the public convenience requires this measure; but if such were the fact, the same argument might be advanced, with equal force, for the opening of the custom-house and other public offices. As a man of business, however, I know it that is *not* required, either by commercial convenience or necessity. *In London, the centre of the commerce of the world, the post-office is not opened, nor any mail made up on the sabbath;* and the streets of the commercial part of that metropolis, exhibit a quiet and solemnity that is hardly found in any of our populous cities, and this is in a great measure to be attributed to that cause, and to the strict regulations which are enforced respecting public houses.

"It is said by some of the apologists of this arrangement, that Christians are under no necessity of applying for their letters, (it is to be hoped there are none that do,) and others ought to be left to their own conscientious views of the subject. I have no disposition to interfere with the rights of others; but it is obvious that this plea of conscience must have limitations. No man would have the hardihood to make such a plea for the violation of the sixth or seventh commandment; and is not the prohibition as plain in the fourth? Can those who profess to be the servants of God, see, without grief, this day dishonored by their fellow-men, and that at the extreme peril of their own souls? It is happily true that the laws and habits of society forbid the open transaction of business on the sabbath day, but so long as the delivery of letters from the post-office is continued, many who would otherwise be indifferent on the subject, are tempted to obtain them; their contents are frequently important, and will occupy the mind to the exclusion of the concerns of eternity. Nor is this the only evil. The youth who are sent to the post-office, generally congregate there some half an hour, before the opening of the mails, which time is spent in idle conversation, and not unfrequently plans are then laid for the profanation of the afternoon of the day, in still more objectionable amusements and vices. On this subject I speak from experience, and with a full knowledge of the fact.

"What I propose then, for the consideration of my fellow-citizens, is, that they should unite in memorials to Congress for a repeal of that section of the law regulating the post-office department, which makes it obligatory on the post-masters to open their offices on the sabbath day; and I have no doubt that we should have the co-operation of a large number of our most respectable citizens, who are not professors of religion. In answer to a recent remonstrance from Pennsylvania, the post master general expressed himself personally, favorable to the object, and one or two distinguished members of Congress, with whom I have conversed, have encouraged the expectation of success, if memorials from the commercial cities were presented in favor of the object. Such a memorial it is contemplated to present to the merchants of this city in a short time, for their signatures."

The following notice is copied from the (Old) Monthly Magazine, published in London for last September.

"*Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, by the Rev. Dr Channing, of Boston, North America*, 1826. We point out this very able review of Milton's writings and character to the notice of our readers, because we know the reprints of American publications have a very narrow circulation in this country. They do not get well advertised, and whatever, in our times, is not well advertised, has no chance of being extensively read. This is to be lamented. We shall be doing our readers good service by occasionally noticing American productions. They may rely upon it the Americans, progressing rapidly as they do, are destined to infuse new and youthful blood into the effete or wasting energies of English literature. There is among them a freedom of thought and an independence of manner to which we are strangers—a disregard of ancient dogmas in the creeds of criticism, to the height of which our flagging wings can no longer mount. They come fresh and full-born to the review of English genius, and instinctively disdain, or rather are unconscious of, are unstained by our nursery and hereditary prejudices and partialities. Dr Channing is manifestly a man of considerable discernment and eloquent powers, capable of taking comprehensive views, and of conveying them distinctly and fully to his readers. He is no common person, and we welcome his writings to this side of the Atlantic. Every one who reads the Edinburgh must have been pleased with Macauley's article on Milton.—The present is superior, as it is more complete. It gives a more elevated and inspiring view of his character.

"By the way, the Bishop of Salisbury is said to have undertaken to disprove Milton's right to the Theological Treatise which has given occasion to these reviews of his writings and character, on the ground that Milton was orthodox in his youth, and orthodox in his old age—"argol" he must have been orthodox in the intermediate period, and therefore not the writer of the Treatise in question, which is any thing but orthodox. The venerable prelate has undertaken to prove odd things before, and argued them upon equally tenable grounds. But why this anxiety? Because the Unitarians, and Dr Channing is a zealous one, are exultingly associating Milton with themselves, and he must not be lost to us without a struggle. It will be difficult, we take it, to reconcile the theology of Paradise Lost and Regained with our Thirtynine—but that is the Bishop's affair."

We have received the following note from a correspondent, to whom we are indebted for reminding us of a typographical error, which was allowed to pass through what we must acknowledge to be an inexcusable negligence.

"In the account you gave of the dedication of the new meetinghouse in Higginson-street, Salem, in your last Register, you stated that the dedicatory prayer was made by Dr Pierce. It should have been Dr *Prince*.* You are requested to correct the mistake in your next Register. The last sabbath was the first in which divine service was performed in the new meetinghouse, and two children were then christened by the names of John Endicot and Francis Higginson. The Endicot name was given to one of the Governor's descendants.

Yours, ONE OF THE SOCIETY.

* Dr Prince is the senior pastor of the Society by whom the house was erected.

A writer in the Literary Gazette in noticing "Mrs Opie's Illustrations of Lying," has the following remarks, which we recommend to the attention of parents.

"There is one class of lies, which we are a little surprised did not attract a larger share of Mrs Opie's attention; *lies told by parents to their children*. We believe that the slight regard in which strict truth is held among mankind, is principally owing to the lies which are told to children by their parents during the few first years of their lives. Then is the time that permanent impressions may be as well made as at any later period. It is then, probably, that what is called the natural propensity of a child is unfolded. *Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods.* There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if recusant, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears, or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. *Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform.* If they wish, for instance, to take away some eatable which they fear will be injurious, they reconcile them by the promise of a ride, or a walk, or something else which will please them, but without any intention of gratifying them. This is lying, downright lying. People think nothing of breaking their promises to children, if the performance be not perfectly convenient. But they are the last persons to whom promises should be broken, because they cannot comprehend the reason, if there be one, why they are not kept. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. For the child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to a parent.

"We have only noticed a few of the cases of lying to children, but enough to illustrate the frequency of it. And yet after having pursued such a course of deception for the two or three first years of life, if the parent then finds his child is trying to deceive him, and will tell a downright lie, he wonders how he should have learned to do so, for he has always taught him to speak the truth; without reflecting that he has been lying to him from his very birth. So he attributes that habit to an innate disposition and tendency for falsehood, which he has himself been fostering and nourishing from the first. Children soon learn to know when they are deceived, and learn to deceive others. They are not deceived many times in the same way; and the most comfortable method in the end, as well as the most conformable to the precepts of morality and religion, is, never to deviate in the slightest degree from the strict truth in our intercourse with them."

On Thursday evening last, Mr Ware delivered a Discourse before the Fragment Society, from 1 Cor. x, 24, in which he spoke of the duty of usefulness—its nature, and the reasons by which it is enforced—and with his usual directness and felicity applied the subject to different portions of his hearers. The collection taken amounted to $312.

ORIGINAL PARAGRAPHS.

READING THE SCRIPTURES. It was said, by a pious man, on first hearing a teacher of elocution read a passage in the testament, "I never heard my bible read until now." The common mode of reading the scriptures, by clergymen, is faulty in the extreme. And this defect is not confined to any religious denomination. The first rule seems to be, to read *naturally*, and the next to read *impressively*.—The SENSE of the passage ought always to be given; therefore the chapter should be studied before it is publicly read. He who has felt the thrilling effect of good reading will find it hard to excuse careless or unmeaning reading of the sacred scriptures. Let not the word of God be obscured or hid by monotonous, colloquial, or frigid recitation.

PSALMODY. Dr Belknap rendered immense service to the cause of liberal Christianity by his collection of psalms and hymns. For its day, it was a great inroad into the field of bigotry. But the compiler wished to make the work acceptable to various denominations.—Rational Christians now find in it much exceptionable matter. There are versions much superior. Let ministers use their influence in getting them introduced into their societies. The habit of omitting exceptionable stanzas distracts the mind. Frequently hymns are given out by strangers, which in sentiment, are contrary to the religious tenets of the audience. Devotional matter should be pure, scriptural, and in unison with the tastes and principles of the worshippers.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION. The seeming opposition of some texts of holy writ, to others, and to the fitness of things, require that verbal explanations should always accompany the public reading of God's word. Nothing has afforded sceptics so much food for ridicule as certain texts, which taken literally, do, indeed, involve great absurdity. "Sell all thou hast;" "whoso hateth not father and mother," &c. The majority of a congregation, and of a family, need explanations of such passages, whenever they are read. Apropos. Why do not our clergymen expound the scriptures more frequently? Half the day, it would be the most profitable exercise. Thus would they imitate their Master on the walk to Emmaus.

SUNDAY COUNTENANCES. Many serious people wear a peculiar expression on Sundays.—They look thoughtful, as they should, and sad or gloomy, as they should not. Nothing connected with religion ought to be constrained, austere, or forbidding. Banish frivolity on the first day, be serious and devout; but affect no solemnity of countenance. If affectation be unavoidable, then affect serenity of heart, benignity of countenance, and devotion of mind.

MINISTERIAL CONVERSE. Ministers would do well to know personally every member of their societies. And when occasion offers, it would be very useful to converse with every person. An inquiry into their pious feelings, wants and principles, even if short, might be of immense service. A chord might be touched that would not cease to vibrate, and a religious developement made of everlasting importance to the parishioner. Let not the beloved minister be afraid of obtruding advice, or introducing religion unseasonably. His people will expect religious discourse, as well as other topics.

RELIGIOUS SYMPATHY. One of the delightful fruits of christianity is the pious friendships it forms. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." This intimate communion of soul with soul, bespeaks a living principle of Christianity that is joyous to witness, especially in young persons.—Where formal religion prevails, where there exists a shyness about conversing on these topics, it is not uncharitable, we trust, to infer, that vital piety is almost a stranger to the heart. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another," prophesied Malachi.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCES. Some Christians entertain an irrational and almost superstitious notion of special providences. Others reject the idea. Is not the latter as great an extreme as the former? God reigns. He has taught us, by Jesus Christ, to pray. He is our Father. He numbers our hairs, and kindly regards the falling sparrow. Let us be assured, then, and feel, that he appoints all things, even the minutest; that the God of the birds is not too great to observe our feeblest emotions and wants. Let us receive every thing as coming from his parental hand. This will conduce essentially to our happiness. It is the only way to bring ourselves near to God.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER

We have taken the liberty to omit the introduction of this story, that we may reduce the length of the article.

——I reached my uncle's dwelling just as he was seated at his evening meal, and as my custom was, became perfectly at home with him, intending when I went, that the night should be spent with him.

When the supper was ended, and the family were seated at work around the table,—that happy home scene,—the old gentleman and myself became engaged in conversation; and he, as usual, was full of anecdote and story. The old gentleman was now and then given somewhat to a joke, and I was, for a long time, backward in making known to him the object of my visit. I was fearful lest he should make me the sport of his jokes, and turn into ridicule what I thought I felt very serious upon. However, I at last mustered courage, when a good opportunity offered, to break to him the whole affair, and ask his attendance with the rest of his family at my wedding. "Well, I guess we must come then, Charles," said he, in a tone very much contrary to my expectation. "So you are about to take upon yourself a burden of new obligations." "Yes sir," I replied, most happy that the thing had taken so well, "I feel that I am." "Yes, a great burden," he continued, "and if you have ever been given to trifling before, you must henceforth trifle no more." He paused awhile, and went on again. "You are then to become a husband, and to your care your wife will intrust herself. On you she will entirely lean. Her destiny will depend very greatly upon your character, and, Charles, if you betray that trust," here the old gentleman seemed a good deal excited—"if you betray the trust, wo, wo,—but stop, I have a case in point, sit down Charles: you shall have it all. It will take sometime to give you the whole; but it may impress upon you the importance of a duty from which you may not relax till you are laid in your grave; Hear me, Charles, sit down."

My uncle waited till I had become seated in a good situation to listen to him, took his snuff box in his hand, and then began his story.

"In the village where my childhood and early years were passed, there lived an excellent couple, whose family consisted of two sons and a daughter. Their lot was not cast in the higher walks of life, but the place they filled, was filled honorably, and respect followed them in the path they trod. The daughter seemed the centre of affection to the whole family. It is common for a mother to cherish most fondly an only daughter, but here she was not the mother's pride alone. She was looked upon by each one as the peculiar object of their hope and love. The parents sought for her all the means in their power to make her accomplished. They could not do much, but what they could give her was given with a most cheerful will. The father's labor was lighter and easier as he thought of his daughter; and a great part of the mother's happiness grew out of the assurance that her Anna was beloved, and worthy of being beloved by the whole village.

"She was indeed a lovely girl. There was something so perfectly amiable in her whole character, so soft and engaging in her manners, that I am sure no one could see her and know her, without being delighted with her. I have seen some females, and she was one, who, one would think from an acquaintance with them, never entertained a thought of the treachery and false-heartedness, which are sometimes found among men, nor ever imagined that the gift of affection could be slighted, or treated unkindly. Alas! that she should have experienced, in its bitterness, that passion and vice can destroy all sense of duty, and root out from the heart even the noblest principles of our nature.

"Years rolled by, and I used to think, if parents were ever happy, the father and mother of Anna were certainly so. Though a favorite of all, yet Anna could only be the wife of one. She became engaged to a young man of gentlemanly deportment, of a respectable family in the same village, who with his brother was engaged in business in a distant part of the country. Although generally of steady habits, yet at times he was addicted to that vice, which ruins the fair prospects of so many promising young men, the habit of *intemperance*. 'Cut of your right hand,' Charles, said my Uncle, interrupting the thread of his story, 'pluck out your right eye'—but by all you love and value—by the trust which shall be reposed in you by the friend of your bosom, and the wife of your affections, become not the slave of this monster of vice. He of whom I speak was caught in its snare, even before Anna pledged her heart to him. But his character was as yet unsullied by its accursed influence. How cruel to seek to gain a heart when under the dominion of principles, which shall make that heart wretched. Anna loved him for what she found in him that was manly and good. She little thought how deadly a canker was at the root of her hopes, and how much misery was to be her portion, when its poisonous influence should become widely diffused.

"Anna was married, and the parents rejoic-

ed that she, who was their greatest comfort in this 'vale of tears,' was likely to be so happy herself. In Anna's mind there were conflicting feelings. The walks of her childhood were now to be left: all the friends she had lived with there and among whom she had been valued—her home and the associations connected with it—all that had made her infant days happy, must be exchanged for the intercourse of strangers, and for scenes, which so far from being in themselves interesting, could serve only to remind her of family and home, and of the distance which separated her from the land she loved. To do this seems hard; but she had brought herself to feel powerfully, that she must now be devoted to her husband, and that his home must be her own. The language of the maiden of old was but the utterance of the dictates of her own heart. 'Whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' There is in woman a devotedness—one of the happiest ordinations of Providence, which helps her to cut asunder the ties of early association, and to create in her own domestic circle, though it be far from relations and friends, those sources of happiness, which live on with her through life, amidst all its adversity and all its trials, in the character she is obliged to sustain as a wife and a mother.

"But I should not say that Anna's new residence was to be wholly without friends. In the wife of her husband's brother, she had a friend in whose heart she could unbosom herself with all the confidence of sisterly affection. This lady I knew well," continued my uncle, "her character resembled much the character of the one of whom I have been speaking. It was my fortune to see a great deal of her, and I valued her exceedingly for her pure principles and amiable disposition. There was a softness in all she said and did, which won my esteem. With the exception of her, Anna was to go to those who were strangers.

"For some time her husband conducted as became the husband of so deserving a wife. But, Charles, I have hinted at his weak side. The temptations of sense were not resisted with proper strength. Intemperance was gradually making terrible inroads upon his future peace, and upon the peace of her whose claims upon his character ought to have awakened him to a sense of his duty. But how sadly does conscience become seared by habitual indulgence in vice. Anna was compelled very soon to witness that her husband had entered upon that downward path towards ruin, from which there is rarely seen a returning footstep. In an ordinary mind such a discovery might be supposed to excite no small degree of alarm; but what shall I say of the situation of her, whose feelings were of so high an order, and so far removed from any thing that looked like treachery or disgrace! She now perceived for the first time that her affections had been given away to be the sport of cruelty. But no reproachful word was named to him, who was treating her so unkindly. The severest charge of ingratitude and perfidy, the only reproof she offered for broken vows, was in her tears. When business was neglected for revelry, when fame and her happiness were sacrificed on the altar of beastly pleasure, when the promises he had made her were all slighted or forgotten, when the intreaties of brotherly solicitude were all disregarded, and he returned to her from self-gratification as one, who cared or seemed to care for no wounds he was inflicting, his wife upbraided him not for the misery she was suffering, but received him in kindness and wept over the weakness for which she could not reproach him.

"This was misery; but how shall I describe the sufferings of the parental dwelling, when it was made known there, what was the character of him with whom the daughter and the sister was connected! Charles, I have read of the pious resignation of the man of God, who, after all his earthly possessions were torn from him, was at last informed that 'the wind from the wilderness' had 'smote the corners of the house,' in which his children were assembled, and that they were dead, and who then exclaimed, 'blessed be the name of the Lord;' but it is harder for me to conceive of that resignation—and I therefore respect it the more,—which can bow to continued adversity, which can humbly acquiesce in that ordination of Providence, which, instead of destroying, keeps constant misery in view, and lengthens our sufferings to future years.

"I need not say that Anna's prospects were growing more and more distressing, nor speak of the grief of the father and mother. It was now their only wish that their daughter should be again restored to their arms in safety, and then the storms of the world might howl and vent their fury as they would. No epistolary persuasion could tear Anna away from her husband, or induce her to return to her father's dwelling. With all his failings she could not desert him—and her child, an infant boy, bound her by another tie to his father's fate.

"'I will go myself, and prevail on her to return home with me for a time,' said the anxious father one day to Anna's mother. 'She may be induced to visit her home again with me, and then we may persuade her to remain with us till brighter days shall dawn.'—And with a full heart the father set off to bring back his daughter. He succeeded in his undertaking, and Anna found herself once more beneath the roof, which had sheltered her in the happy years of her childhood. There she was watching the growth of her child amidst the scenes and the friends, but so lately the witnesses of her own inexperienced but guileless youth.

"Peace was again restored for a time to the distressed family; but do not imagine, Charles, that Anna was happy. You know but little of human nature if you think so. Her husband was in her daily thoughts, and in the visions which filled up her sleeping hours. He was no longer engaged in business, and where he had wandered to, no one knew. His friends sought for him, but could not find him. At last he appeared again in the family of his father. His resolutions of amendment, though repeatedly made, were as often broken. Anna would have seen him but her parents would not consent to it. The treasure was too precious to them to be again entrusted in faithless hands; and the child only was permitted to gaze on its father's face and again to be restored to its mother's care.

"I could add many more circumstances which would touch your heart, but I waive them now to hasten on. Anna's husband fled from the village where his character was so well known, and at last became the inmate of a Humane Institution. Hear me but a little longer till I go through. A disorder of a distressing nature seized upon Anna, and reduced her to the very borders of the grave. The anxiety of the parents was indescribable. The physician, who attended her, assured them that the case was a very dangerous one, but that if their daughter's mind was kept calm, she might yet recover. All attempts to effect this object proved unavailing; and a sudden turn of her thoughts to her husband's fate brought on a mental alienation, which ended in distraction. There was then no longer a hope. It was singular that in her last, and wildest moments, she should speak of her husband's death which afterwards proved true. 'He is dead—my child is an orphan—Mother, oh mother, my child.' And in this distracted state of mind she died.

"For months the fate of Anna was the common subject of conversation. A sympathy was awakened, such as I have never since seen equalled, with the family in their sorrow. The parents were bowed down to the earth by the weight of their affliction. The lapse of time may have subdued their grief; but it can never obliterate the memory of their daughter's untimely end; nor the horror with which they regard the character of her husband!

"Is it really so late?" said my Uncle, as he turned his eyes to the clock, and took his handkerchief to wipe away a tear which had started in his eye. The recollections of his youth had indeed awakened more feeling than he was himself aware of. "But you will perceive the point I had in view," he continued, "the intemperance of the husband laid that lovely woman in her grave. Let the lesson you have learnt, go with you into your new connexion, and may God bless you in it."

It was too late to make further conversation. I bid my uncle and the family good-night, and hastened to lay my head on my pillow. The moon had travelled far down in her peaceful course before my eyes were closed, and when I slept it was to dream of Anna and her orphan-boy.

E. Y.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Bolivar. A letter from Guayaquil, of August 31, states that a conspiracy against Bolivar has been discovered at Lima. Among the conspirators were some of the principal chiefs of Peru. Communication between Chili and Peru, so far as relates to Chilian and Peruvian vessels, was likely to be suspended.

Paris Oct. 1. The glaring contradictions which daily appear in some journals, particularly the Journal des Debats, the Courier Francaise, and Constitutionelle, on the distant affairs of Persia and Russia, the Russians and Turks, and the Janizaries, afford the best proof, not only of their domestic origin, but the wretched ignorance of the Novelists of the nature of the materials of which their tales are composed.—They appear to be ignorant of what has long been well known, that a definitive Convention has been concluded, ratified, and exchanged by Russia and Turkey on all the great differences which have existed between them for years, and that the appointment of the Commission now in session at Akermann was provided for in that Convention, and that the object of the Commission is no other than the arrangement of minor details of the general Treaty, as was done by the Commissions appointed for similar objects after the conclusion of the great Treaties of 1815. The tales of incursions of the Persians are equally as absurd. We have disdained to copy any part of these crudities, and merely notice them to prevent the public credulity from being imposed upon by fabrications the objects of the circulators of which, are as detestable as their ingredients are vile.

The Greek Prince Mavracordato is in Poland. His rivals are in power in the Morea.

Mr Canning cannot refrain from smiling at the quantity of work cut out for him by the Journals, during his visit of recreation and amusement in this capital.

Lafayette. A friend at Paris, under date of Oct. 5, writes as follows—"General Lafayette, is, at present, in this city, and receives daily with his well known kindness, the children of his adopted country. Permit me to express to you my mortification, when I was informed, yesterday, that no less than nine applications, in a few days, had been made by Americans to the General for pecuniary assistance, and he gave them all they required. God forbid I should attempt to close the hand of charity, but every American feels an interest in whatever relates to Lafayette, and I hope some means may be devised to ascertain who and what they are, who thus call forth the ever ready benevolence of our Nation's Champion and Friend."—[If he must pay attention to such applications the U. S. Goverment should have given him a million instead of only $200,000.]—*N. Y. Mercantile Adv.*

Greek Cabinet. Mr Emerson, in his picture of Greece in 1825, gives the following description of the Greek Cabinet. "I was this morning presented by the minister of war, to the members of the executive body. Their present residence is a very large Turkish house, near the walls; the ground floor of which is a stable, the second story a barrack, and the third, the office bureau of the Grecian government, a plain, small room, surrounded by a divan, and ornamented by a large French chart of Greece, and the islands; here, round a plain deal table, covered with papers, sat the few descendants of Themistocles and Epaminondas, to whom was entrusted the regeneration of the lost land of gods, and godlike men."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mutineers. On Monday last, his Britannic Majesty's brig *Chebucto*, Capt. Potter, arrived here from Halifax, bringing Charles Marchant, alias John Duncan White, and Charles Curtis, alias Winslow Curtis, alias Sylvester Colson, prisoners, charged with the murder, on the high seas in August last, of Edward Selfridge, and Thomas Paine Jenkins, master and mate of the brig *Fairy*, of this port; and John Murray and John Hughes, also a part of the crew, as witnesses. They were landed from the brig on Monday afternoon, delivered into the custody of Col. Harris, marshal of the district, and committed to jail for examination.

Hartford, Nov. 20. The steam boat Barnet, arrived here on Wednesday last, and started on Friday, on her first trip up Connecticut River. This boat has been built by the Connecticut River Company, as a steam tow boat, and is intended to ply as such, on the River above Hartford. She may be considered as the first of a series of improvements contemplated by the company, which when completed, will make Connecticut the great thoroughfare to a market for a large part of the inhabitants of New England. As this is the first experiment of navigating the River above Hartford by steam, a number of gentlemen left here, as passengers, in the barge attached to the boat. The novelty of the experiment and of the scenery will we think contribute to make their excursion a pleasant one.—*Mirror.*

Melancholy Event. On Saturday last, Mr Joseph Walker, the driver of the Mail Stage from this town, through Plymouth and Rumney, to Haverhill, was killed almost instantly, within a few miles of Mr Morse's in Rumney, by the wheels of the carriage passing over his body. We understand that he had a heavy load, of 15 or 16 passengers and baggage, and was driving a team of 6 horses. He dismounted from his seat for the purpose of disciplining some of his horses, and, either in the act of dismounting, or immediately after, got entangled in some part of the harness of the hinder horses, was thrown to the ground, and both wheels of one side of the carriage passed over his body, before he could be extricated from his fatal situation. He died about an hour afterwards. Walker was a young man, about 28 or 30 years of age, and has a widowed mother living in this town.—*N. H. Statesman.*

New York, Nov. 16. An establishment has recently been opened in this city for the manufacture of an entirely new article, Imitation Leghorn Hats. It is the invention of one of our citizens, who has obtained a patent for the same, and having seen a specimen, we feel warranted in recommending them to the public.—They combine the advantages of neatness and durability, being water proof, and are therefore well calculated for children's use.

Lexington, Ken. Oct. 30. Twelve of the slaves concerned in the murder of Messrs Stones and others, have been tried in Breckenridge county. Seven of the number were acquitted, and five found guilty, and condemned to be hanged on the 29th of November. The Paris Citizen states, that all the slaves have been apprehended except one or two;—fortyseven have been sold, and the remainder except the five, brought back to Bourbon.

Clerical Slander. At the late Circuit Court in Schoharie county, N. Y. Judge Duer presiding, a verdict of *one thousand dollars* was rendered in favor of the Rev. John F. Schermerhorn, against the Rev. Henry V. Wickoff, in an action of slander, the defendant having charged the plaintiff with false swearing. It appears that another cause of the like nature, was pending between the same plaintiff and two other defendants. The second cause having been called, one of the counsel for the plaintiff, (the Canajoharie Sentinel states) informed the court that he was instructed by his client to state, that he commenced these actions from a sense of duty to himself and family, and particularly to the congregation of which he was pastor, having submitted one cause to a jury of his country, he had received a verdict with which he was entirely satisfied. That he felt himself incapable of appropriating the defendant's money to his own use. The object of the prosecution having been fully obtained, and the defendants having indemnified him against the expenses of the prosecution, he discontinued the two latter causes, and remitted the damages in the first. Judge Duer replied, that he considered the conduct of the plaintiff highly honorable and magnanimous.

Greek Ships. At a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, held on the 8th inst. Mathew Carey in the chair, a committee was appointed to "report upon the expediency of opening a subscription throughout the Union, to raise funds for building or purchasing a vessel of war, and presenting the same to the Greeks, to indemnify them for the loss of the one they have been deprived of by mismanagement in New York.

Affecting Circumstance. The feelings of the passengers in the stage from Bristol to Easton, N. J. were much excited on Saturday last, by the sudden death of an infant son of Mr Thomas Bullman of the latter place. The mother of the child, when within half a mile of Newport, was affectionately caressing it—and the little innocent, apparently in perfect health, was delightedly returning its mother's fondness by its playful laugh.—Fears for its health induced the parent to wrap it closely up. In five minutes after the stage stopped at Newport—the mother uncovered the child—it *was dead.*

Brig Lost. The Brig Neptune, belonging to Mr John Welsh, merchant, of Philadelphia, coming in from Rotterdam, ran ashore on Rehoboth Beach, near Cape Henlopen, on the 6th instant. This is *the fifth vessel that has been lost this year*, in the Delaware Bay, and within five leagues of the entrance; and these vessels, it is alleged, might have been saved, if there had been an artificial harbour, such as it has been proposed to make by the construction of a Breakwater in the mouth of the Delaware. Application was made to Congress at the last Session, it will be recollected, on this subject; but, being the first time of its being presented to view, it did not appear to take fast hold of their attention. Of such a work, no one can dispute the constitutionality, if its expediency be demonstrated. We hope that it will ultimately be effected, if it be within the compass of the means at the disposal of the Government.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Quicksilver. The most productive quicksilver mine in the world, is at Idria, in Carniola, in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria. This mine has been worked 400 years, and is 700 feet deep. The good ores contain from 65 to 75 per cent. of pure quicksilver; and the mercury is sometimes found in a pure state issuing in a slender stream from some fissures in the rocks. The ore, after being pounded and washed, is placed over a furnace in the roasting oven, where the action of the fire separates the quicksilver from the other substances: it rises sublimated along with the smoke, and passes through winding flues until it cools and descends into hollows made to receive it. The quicksilver is then packed in sheep, or goat skin bags. The mine now employs 400 hands, (in its flourishing state it gave bread to 1200 men,) produces annually 336,000 pounds of quicksilver, and yields a profit to the government of $90,000. In 1803, a fire originated in the wood work of the mine, and for five weeks, the flames raged in the bowels of the earth with the greatest fury; when the shafts were opened, the smoke, filled with mercurial and sulphureous exhalations, rolled forth and struck down every one that came within its reach. As a last resource, the director turned in a stream of water, and allowed it to flow two days; in the course of the second day, in consequence of the production of steam, or the kindling of inflammable air, an explosion took place which shook the mountain, rent the huts of the miners, started houses farther off from their foundations, and made the panic-struck inhabitants fly in dismay; it was a splendid artificial earthquake. The fire was extinguished, but it required two years to pump out the water. It was carried off into the river Idria, and contained so much vitriol and iron that every fish disappeared from the river, except the eel, which bids defiance to every thing but actual broiling or roasting.—Mr Russel, from whose Tour we have collected the foregoing facts, descended into the mine by one of the inclined shafts, where there are successive flights of steps all the way, as regular as in a private dwelling. He says it is necessary for the visiter to leave behind watches, rings, snuff-boxes, &c, which would infallibly be affected by the quicksilver. Two fashionable ladies, who went down during the Congress in the neighboring Laybach, returned, the one with her gold watch converted into a tin trinket, and the fair cheeks and neck of the other were made black by the sulphur. Some of the mining operations produce trembling fits, and convulsions, and the mercury generally discolors and destroys the teeth. The wages of the miners are very small, they are always in a state of destitution, and their lives are short.

Hampden Gaz.

An Example. The Baptist Church in Sumpterville, South Carolinia, considering the awful prevalence of intemperance, and the duty of Christians to assume a decided stand against it, and to abstain from every appearance of evil, passed, on the 2d of September, the following resolution;

Resolved, That the members of this church will not drink any spirituous liquors, except when prescribed as a medicine.—*Col. Star.*

Intemperance. An English blacksmith in Philadelphia, who had been found inebriated in the streets, and wheeled in that condition to the watchhouse, admitted, on his trial at the police office, that he had been drunk, excepting now and then a spell, ever since his arrival amongst us. He found it easier, he said, to get drunk here on ten pence worth of gin or whiskey, than on five shillings worth of porter in England, *let the strike of it be ever so good.*

Husbandry. At the cattle show at Concord, N. H. premiums were awarded for the best farms. In relation to one of them, the viewing committee, in their report, made the following remark;—"This farm appears to be cultivated with great care, and much good judgment in agriculture; but the committee are of opinion, that the owner is in fault in one essential particular; and they hope that an indirect allusion to it will be sufficient for him to correct the error. There is no commodity on a farm so useful and so pleasing to the farmer—nothing in this life, on which he can so safely rest his hopes of comfort in future years, as a company of healthy, robust, and promising boys. A farmer rarely succeeds well without a wife. A solitary journey is always a tiresome, and a cheerless one."

Female Education. A correspondent of the N. York American complains that his daughter has been to a "fashionable boarding school" three years, and is solving problems in algebra, and yet she cannot solve a sum in the rule of three; he says she knows something about ancient history, but has not "got to modern history yet;" she can neither speak nor write English, but then she is studying French and Italian; and she cannot go to school in the afternoon in the same dress she wore in the morning!

Yankees. Wherever the real Yankee goes, activity and bustle accompany him. A late Georgetown, S. C. paper thus notices the business of the village.—"*The Yankees have come*, and our little town assumes the air of business. The wharves are loaded, the stores groan beneath their burden, the citizens are gratified with northern comforts, and the ladies delighted with the figured silks. The merchants are pleased in anticipation of a profit; the planters are pleased at the reception of wares and implements; even the poor negroes are delighted in the prospect of new shoes and a warm jacket; and last, but not least, the *Printer* is happy in his new advertisements."

Longevity of Animals. A writer in the New York Times gives the following as the greatest number of years to which any of the named animals have attained, by which it will be seen "that the half reasoning elephant" attains the greatest age. The cricket 10 years, spider sometimes, but seldom more than 1 year, scorpion 1, river-cray-fish 20, carp 100 to 150, crocodile 100, tortoise 100, hen 10, peacock 24, Lark 18, sparrow-hawk 40, Goose 50, swan and eagle 100, parrot 110, rabbit 9, goat 10, sheep 10, hog 20, dog 23 to 28, cat 18, squirrel 7, wolf and bear 20, fox 15, lion 60, cow 20, bull 30, ox 19, deer 20, horse 25 to 30, ass 25 to 30, camel 50 to 60, elephant 150 to 200.

Young Villains. It will be remembered that there have been a great many stores broken open and robbed in this city, within the last six months, without any detection of the theives. A few days since, the arrest of one of the gang, led to a discovery of the whole. The Police once on the track, soon found the rogues, and in two days, seven of the ten were safely lodged in prison. They were indicted on Tuesday last, and convicted on Wednesday. Another has been taken since, and probably will be indicted and tried at the present sitting of the Court of Sessions. They are the same gang that broke open the stores in Front, Pearl, Wall, Fletcher, Pine, and other streets, by getting into the scuttles from the tops of new unfinished buildings. A more desperate and depraved set of boys was never seen. They are all under 15 years of age, and it appears that they have entered and robbed in all 26 stores, here and in Philadelphia. —*N. Y. Post.*

Murder. A negro man, named Jesse Pearce, was lately tried at Westchester, Penn. for the murder of Thomas Lewis, a white man, in the jail of Chester county. He was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment.—Daniel Rush, was executed in Surry county, on the 29th ult. for killing his uncle, Joshua Dowell. He manifested the utmost horror at the sight of the scaffold, and as the moments of his execution drew near, he gave way to loud lamentations. Such is the wretched termination of a depraved young man.

Warning to Horse-racers. A few days since, near Flemington, N. J. after the races of the day were over, and though quite dark at the time, a match was made up in haste and run forthwith. The horses started; and the one rode by a Mr Quick, stumbled, and threw him with such violence as to deprive him of life in a few hours. But the tragical scene did not end here. A person who was despatched for a physician, rode the same horse that had just done the mischief. He had not proceeded a great way before the horse fell again, as is supposed, by which his rider, a black man, belonging to Mr Hodgeland, was so badly hurt that he has since died.

Professor Porson. The late Professor Porson made this candid confession; "When I was seventeen years of age, I thought I knew every thing; as soon as I was twentyfour, and had read Bentley, I found I knew nothing."

Singular Coincidence. The packet ships Columbia, Captain Graham, for Liverpool, and Don Quixote, Captain Clarke, for Havre, left this port in company on the morning of the 2d September, and returned within a day of each other, the former on Wednesday, and the latter on Thursday morning last. They made their trips there and back, including their detention for loading and unloading, &c, at their respective destinations, in 73 and 74 days; which is an example of despatch unparalleled by any other city in the U. S.—*N. Y. Amer.*

Husking. Mr J. Whitcomb, of Swanzey, N. H. aged 95, husked with his own hands, in 18 days, 148 bushels of corn. Mr W. has subsisted exclusively on milk diet for the last 30 years and has not sensibly grown much older in that time.

Speculation. Some of the "friends of Greece," both in this country and in England have been found to be most villanous speculators. Money was sent from England to New York to procure two frigates. *One* of them only has sailed for the Mediterranean, and that one cost the poor Greeks $750,000, while the superb frigate Brandywine cost the United States only $273,000.

Suicide. Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock.*

Methodist Ministers. In the United States and a part of Canada, are 1406 travelling preachers of the Methodist Episcopal church, and nearly 4000 local preachers.

Good Example. It may be mentioned to the credit of Presidents Madison, Monroe, and Adams, that on the occasion of their inauguration, they respectively appeared clad in American manufactures.

A Novelty. At the late cattle show at Carlisle, Penn. the most curious part of the exhibition was the equipage of Mr Oyster, who appeared in a neat carriage drawn by two fine elks, and a horse.

Silk. It is said that one mulberry tree of a common size, and as many silk works as it will feed, will keep a respectable family in silk.

Medical Class. The medical class in the University of Pennsylvania for the present season, numbers between 4 and 500 students.

To Correspondents. A letter from a parent, S. S. and other communications have been received.

ORDINATIONS.

The Rev. Mr Nott, was ordained at Dunstable, N. H. on Wednesday last, as pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Nashua Village. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Green, of Boston.

The Rev. Daniel D. Tappan was on Tuesday last ordained at Durham, N. H. as an Evangelist. The Rev. Mr. Tappan is at present to officiate at Biddeford.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr William S. Howard to Miss Elizabeth Haynes, both of Newburyport.—Mr William R. Williams to Miss Mary Ann Ridgely.—Mr John Tuckerman to Miss Catherine Tuttle.

In Hanover, N. H. John Aiken, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Manchester, Vt. to Miss Harriet Adams, daughter of Prof. Adams, of the former place.

In Baltimore, Capt. J. J. Nicholson, of the navy, to Laura Caroline, daughter of the late Gen. Stricker.

In Marlboro' on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Seth Alden, Mr William H. Wood, [not William H Henderson, as stated in the Register of the 11th inst.] to Miss Caroline Henderson, both of that place.

In Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Dr Gray, Mr Little, of this city, to Miss Eleanor Maria Davis.

In Rowley, Rev. Milton P. Braman, of Danvers, to Miss Mary Parker, of Rowley.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. William Lithgow.—On Saturday evening last, Joseph, only son of Joshua and Mary Davis, aged 26 months.—Mr John York, aged 40.—Mrs Betsey Sutton, wife of Mr Ray Sutton, aged 44.—Mr Josiah Wheelright, aged 25.—Harriet Stanmore, aged 28.

In Concord, Mr John Hunt, aged 43.

In Sterling, on the 18th inst. Rev. Reuben Holcomb, aged 74.

In Groton, Mrs Maria Lawrence, aged 65.

In Holliston, Mr David Leland, aged 82.

In Kennebunk, Jene Jeffries, accidentally killed by the discharge of his brother's gun, while they were on a party for shooting wild fowl.

Lost overboard, in June last, from ship Nautilus, in the Straits of Sunda, Mr Charles Hall Blagge, aged 22, son of the late Samuel B. Esq. of this city.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.

LATELY Published and for sale by the Publisher, J. Prentiss, Keene, N. H. by Richardson & Lord, and Hilliard, Gray, & Co. and by most other Booksellers in "town and country."

The Literary and Scientific Class Book,—Embracing the leading facts and principles of science, illustrated by engravings, with many difficult words explained at the heads of the lessons, and questions annexed for examination, designed as exercises for the reading and study of the higher classes in common schools. Selected from the Rev. John Platts' *Literary and Scientific Class Book*, and from various other sources; and adapted to the wants and condition of youth in the United States. By Levi W. Leonard.

If this work, the *North American Review* says, after copying the title page and preface, "Is Mr Leonard's plan, and he seems to have filled it out faithfully, and with good judgment." The *United States Literary Gazette* says of it—"This book contains a fund of knowledge, particularly in natural and physical sciences, which we have never seen condensed in so small a compass. The selections have been made with great discrimination, from the best authorities," &c. The *American Journal of Education* observes, —"The Literary and Scientific Class Book is, we think, one of the most valuable School-books that has hitherto been published. It is a work which may accelerate improvement every where; but it promises to be peculiarly useful in towns and villages where there is not convenient access to extensive libraries." —"Mr Leonard has, we think been very successful in adapting it to the use of schools in the United States."—Mr Hale, Principal of the Gardiner Lyceum says, "I think it extremely well calculated to impart a summary knowledge of the principles of science. Wishing you much success in your publication, I am," &c.—Mr Spafford, author of the New York Gazetteer, says, "It is a work of singular merit. There was a want of just such a book in our schools. I commenced, in 1824, the compilation of much such a work—my labor is superseded, and I am glad of it, for the work before me is a better work than mine would have been. I wish thee much patronage and perfect success."—The publisher has also received various other commendatory letters, from gentlemen of judgment and taste.

For sale as above,—*Easy Lessons* for the use of the younger classes in common schools. By Rev. Joshua Leavitt, now of Stratford, Conn. Professor Goodrich of Yale, in a review in the Spectator, says, "The author of the work before us, has done a benefit to the cause of education.—We strongly recommend it to the public as excellently adapted to the end in view."—Professor Eastabrook, of Amherst says, "It is in my opinion the *intermediate book* which has long been needed in common schools." The work is also recommended by Rev. Dr Willard of Deerfield, Rev. Mr Clark of Amherst, Rev. Mr Andrews of Putney, and Rev. Mr Woods of Newport, and other gentlemen

From the Rev. Mr Osgood, of Sterling, Mass. to the Publisher.

Dear Sir,

The Literary and Scientific Class Book I consider among the most valuable of our school books. I know of none, which contains such a variety of useful knowledge, compressed in so small a compass, and selected with so much taste. It has been introduced into our town schools. I have found both parents and children to be much interested in it. And the remark has been frequently made to me by parents, that "the book is so valuable, that it ought to be in every family in town." The questions at the end of the Lessons tend to fix the attention of the scholars upon the most important parts; and while they acquire a chaste and natural manner of reading, their minds are stored with important knowledge. I know of no better means for raising the standard of education among the common people than the introduction of books of this kind into our town schools.

Yours, with respect,

Nov. 4. Peter Osgood.

NEW HOUSE.

TO sell or let, a new house, situated in the upper part of Milton Place, leading from Federal street. This house is substantially and faithfully built, and being situated opposite Federal court will always command an open view. It is finished in the best modern style; having two parlors, with sliding doors, and handsome marble chimney pieces, eight lodging rooms, a convenient kitchen, cellar, well-room, with shower-bath adjoining, wood-house, rain-water cistern, &c.

Inquire at the Office of the Christian Register 81 Washington st. eptf. aug 26

FAMILY PRAYERS.

FOR Sale at 81 Washington Street. "Prayers for the use of Families, with forms for Particular Occasions, and for individuals." Price 37 cents in boards, and 50 cents half bound in Morocco.

Also another similar work, entitled "Daily Devotions for a family, with occasional Prayers," by Rev. E. Q. Sewall.

MILLARD'S TRUE MESSIAH EXALTED.

THE small tract entitled "The True Messiah Exalted," by Elder David Millard, a preacher of the Christian Society, may be had at 81 Washington street. There are on hand, also, a few copies of his larger work, with the same title. This is a small, 18mo. book, neatly bound in sheep, and may be had on reasonable terms for distribution.

nov 4 4t

DUTIES OF CONSOLATION.

JUST Published, at the Office of the Christian Register, THE DUTIES OF CONSOLATION, and the Rites and Customs appropriate to Mourning. nov 4

THE TWO BIRTH DAYS.

IN the Press, and will be published soon, THE TWO BIRTH DAYS, (a book for children,) by the author of James Talbot, &c. 3t nov 3

Poetry.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty—Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And dreameth of the rainbow, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

It was not well with Hagar. The gemmed earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were carolling as life
Were a new thing to them—but, oh, it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood left them; and her lashes clung
To her fine forehead, as if all the strength
Of woman's heart had nerved them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven
Which made its language legible, shot back
From the long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her with his hand
Clapsed in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there, and though the morn
Is passing fair, and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh, man may bear with suffering—his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the clasp
Of pain that wrings mortality—but tear
One cord affection clings to—break one tie
That woman with a look has grafted him,
And his great spirit breaketh like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing upon the fair haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And as a vine, the oak hath shaken off
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
Oh no!—by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!
Make her a slave—steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies—let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain—
Wrong her by petulence, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But oh, estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained, for he had caught,
As I had said, her spirit—and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.
The morning past—and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade—
And the bright plumage of the orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest, but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water—but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,
For it was better than the close hot breath
Of the thick pines, and tried to comfort him.
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub,
And shrouded up her face, she went her way
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die—and watching him she mourned—

God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die, I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on thy cradle joy—
How have I drank the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

I did not dream of this when thou wast straying
Like an unbound gazelle among the flowers,
Or wearing rosy hours
By the rich gush of water sources straying,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep
So beautiful and deep.

Oh no; and when I watched by thee, the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile—
How prayed I that my fathers' land might be
An heritage for thee.

And now the grave for its cold breast hath won
thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press—
And oh, my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee—
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair?

* * * * *

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child, until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand. Rov.
Memorial.

NARRATIVE.

BABABEC AND THE FAKIRS.

FROM THE FRENCH.
Translated for the Whig and Banner.

When I was in the city of Benares, on the bank of the Ganges, the ancient country of the Brahmins, I endeavored to become learned. I understood the Hindo tolerably well; I listened much, and observed every thing. I lodged at my correspondent's, Omri; he was the worthiest man I ever knew. His religion was that of the Brahmins—I have the honor of being a Musselman; never have we had any dispute about Mahomet, or Brama. We each made our ablutions, each on his part; we drank of the same lemonade, we eat of the same rice, like two brothers.

One day, we went together to the Pagod of Gavani. We saw there several bands of Fakirs, some of whom were Janguis, that is, contemplative Fakirs, and the others, disciples of the ancient Gymnosophists, who lived an active life. They have, as every one knows, a *classical* language, which is that of the ancient Brahmins, and in this language, a book, which they call the *Veidam*. It is, undoubtedly, the most ancient book in all Asia, without excepting the Zenda-Nesta.

I happened to pass before a Fakir, who was reading that book; "Ah! cursed infidel!!" he cried, "you made me mistake the number of vowels that I was counting; and owing to it, my soul will pass into the body of a hare, instead of going into that of a paroquet, as I had good reason to flatter myself it would." I gave him a few rupees to console him. At a few steps further, I had the misfortune to sneeze; the noise I made, awakened a Fakir, as he was in an ecstacy; "Where am I," said he—"what a horrible fall! I no longer see the tip of my nose—the celestial light has disappeared!"* "If I am the cause," said I to him, "that you see, at last, farther than your nose, here is a rupee, as a reparation for the harm I have done. Resume your celestial light." Having thus discreetly extricated myself, I went towards the other gymnosophists. Some of them brought me a number of small and very pretty nails, to drive into my arms and legs, in honor of Brama. I purchased their nails, with which I got my carpets nailed down. Others danced upon their hands, some on the slack rope; several went hopping holding one of their feet in their hand; there were those who dragged chains; others who wore a pack-saddle; a few had their heads poked into a bushel; and all of them were good people, after all.

My friend, Omri conducted me to the cell of one of the most celebrated among them; his name was Bababec. He was stark naked like a monkey, and had round his neck a huge chain, weighing at least sixty pounds. He sat on a wooden bench, neatly studded with sharp pointed nails, and looked as pleased as though he had been sitting upon a silk cushing. Many women would come to consult him; he was the oracle of families, and, one may say, he enjoyed a great reputation. I was present at a long conversation which passed between him and Omri; "Do you believe, father," said the latter to him, "that after having undergone the trial of the seven metempsycosis, I may reach the abode of Brahma?" "It depends upon circumstances," said the Fakir—"what kind of life do you lead?" "I endeavor," replied Omri, "to act as a good citizen, a good husband, a tender father, a faithful friend; I lend my money, without interest, to the rich, when they want it, and I give it to the poor; I keep peace and brotherly friendship among my neighbors——" "do you occasionally drive nails into your posteriors?" "Never, reverend Father," replied Omri. "I am sorry for it," resumed the Fakir—"you will certainly not go higher than the nineteenth heaven, and it is a great pity!" "How," said Omri—"this is quite sufficient—I am very well satisfied with my lot—I care little which heaven I go to, provided I do my duty through my pilgrimage, and be well received at the last stage. Ought not any man to be content with being virtuous in this country, and afterwards happy in that of Brahma? "To which heaven do you expect to go, M. Bababec, with your nails and chains?" "To the thirtyfifth," replied Bababec. "I deem it strange," retorted Omri, "that you should pretend to be lodged higher than myself; this can be but the effect of an excessive ambition. You blame them who seek after honors in this life; why do you wish for such high ones in the other? On what besides do you found your pretensions? Know that I give more in alms in ten days, than all the nails you plant in your flesh cost you in ten years. Of what avail is it to Brahma that you should spend the whole day naked, with a chain tied round your neck? Do you think you render by that any service to your country? I value a hundred times more the man who sows vegetables, or plants trees, than all your comrades who look at their nose, or carry a pack-saddle, as a proof of their nobleness of soul." Having thus vented his indignation, Omri was soon pacified; he courted the Fakir, pursuaded him, and finally prevailed on him to abandon his chains and nails, and to go along with him to his house, and live there a decent life. He was cleansed; rubbed with essences and perfumes; they clothed him decently; he lived there for a fortnight with decency and decorum, and avowed himself to be infinitely happier than before; but he at the same time, was losing his credit among the people; the women consulted him no longer—he left Omri, and resumed his nails to obtain consideration.

* When the Fakirs wish to see the celestial light, which is very commonly the case among them, they turn their eyes towards the tip of their nose.

EDUCATION.

If any man desire to possess himself of the most powerful engine that can be applied to the purposes of education, if he would find the ground upon which he must stand, to enable himself to move the whole substance of the mind, he will probably find it in sympathy.—Great power is not necessarily, a subject of abuse. A wise preceptor would probably desire to be in possession of great power over the mind of his pupil, though he would use it with economy and diffidence. He would therefore seek by all honest arts to be admitted into his confidence, that so the points of contact between them may be more extensively multiplied, that he may not be regarded by the pupil as a stranger of the outer court of the temple, but that his image may mix itself with his pleasures, and be made the companion of his recreations.

The road that a sound understanding would point out to us, as leading most directly to the confidence of another, is, that we should make ourselves as much as possible his equals, that our affection towards him should display itself in the most unambiguous colors, that we should discover a genuine sympathy in his joys and in his sorrows, that we should not play the part of the harsh monitor and austere censor, that we should assume no artificial manners, that we should talk in no solemn, prolix, and unfeeling jargon, that our words should be spontaneous, our actions simple, and our countenance the mirror to our hearts. Thus conducting ourselves, thus bland and insinuating, with no treacherous design, we shall not probably meet a repulse in our well chosen endeavors to be admitted the confidents of youth. Habit will tend to establish us in the post we have obtained; our ascendancy will every day become confirmed; and it is not probable that we shall lose this most distinguishing badge of friendship unless through our own misconduct and folly.

The whole, however, of this branch of education is a point of the extremest delicacy. There is no medium so difficult to hit, as that between a distempered vigilance and an unsuspecting security. By falling into the latter it continually happens that parents, and those who undertake the guidance of youth, remain satisfied that the persons under their care, have no reserves with them, at the very time that they invent a thousand stratagems to elude their observation. Nothing can exceed the ludicrous effect of this arrogant confidence on the part of the senior, if we except the baseness and degradation which are thus, by his misconduct, perpetually inculcated upon and cultivated in the minds of youth.

In the mean time, it is so apparent that to obtain the voluntary confidence of a young person is a point of the greatest difficulty, that the preceptor ought probably to prepare his mind for the event of a failure, and to ascertain to himself the benefits that may be derived from the other advantages of education, when this is denied. So frail is man, so imperfect are his wisest designs, and so easily are we made the dupes of a love of power, that the most skilful instructer may often be expected to fail, in this most arduous of problems, this opprobrium of the art of education. It were better that he should not attempt it, than that he should attempt it by illiberal and forbidden means. If he cannot be the chosen confidant, he may, at least, refrain from acting the spy or inquisitor upon his pupil. Let him not extort, what he cannot frankly and generously win. Let him not lie in wait to surprise from the pupil, what the pupil will not consent to give. Let him not so far debase the integrity of man, as to play the thief, and the eavesdropper. One of the most sacred principles in social life, is honor, the forbearance that man is entitled to claim from man, that a man of worth would as soon steal my purse or forge a title-deed to my estate, as read the letter he sees lying upon my table. One of the greatest errors of education is, that children are not treated enough like men, that they are not supported with sufficient care in the empire of their little peculium, they that are not made to feel their importance and to venerate themselves. *Inquirer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUNCTUALITY. A short time since, in a village in the neighborhood of London, a committee of eight ladies, who managed the concerns of an institution which has been formed for the relief of the neighboring poor, agreed to meet on a certain day, at twelve o'clock precisely. Seven of them attended punctually at the appointed hour; the eighth did not arrive till a quarter of an hour after. She came in, according to the usual mode, with, "I'm very sorry to be behind the time appointed, but really the time slipped away without my being sensible of it; I hope your goodness will excuse it; I am sure I beg pardon." One of the ladies, who was a Quaker, replied, "Truly, friend, it doth not appear clear to me that we ought to accept of thine apology. Hadst thyself only lost a quarter of an hour, it would have been merely thy concern; but in this case, the quarter must be multiplied by eight, as we have each lost a quarter; so that there have been two hours of useful time sacrificed by thy want of punctuality.—*Opinions of an Old Gentleman.*

HOW TO BE CHEERFUL. Let a person endeavor to get his mind impressed with a lively sense of the power of God to execute, and his faithfulness to perform, all he has promised to those who fear, love, and trust him;—and he has promised to direct their paths—to supply all their need—never to leave nor forsake them: and though he has not promised them an exemption from trials and sufferings, he has promised to be with them in their troubles, to support and deliver them; and has declared that all things, without any exception, work together for their good. Now if these things are really believed and acted upon, how can any one be otherwise than cheerful?—*Ib.*

FAITH. There are many individuals who puzzle themselves, and perplex others, with curious questions and nice speculations as to what is included in faith; such as, Does repentance precede faith, or does faith lead to repentance? Does faith include trusting in Christ, or is trusting only a consequence of true faith? Theological riddles these, which tend to any thing but profit. Whereas, in the common concerns of life we find no difficulty in determining what faith means. Were we to be told that a poor man, having been informed that relief would be afforded him on his applying at a certain place, yet never made such an application; should we hesitate for a moment to conclude that he could not have believed the account that was given him? If he said that he did, should we believe him? That is, supposing him to be really in distress, and have received the information from a person on whose knowledge and veracity he could depend, and that no physical obstacle incapacitated him from following the direction given him in order to his obtaining it. Yet, how much has been written by way of assisting persons to ascertain whether they believe or not, while the question might be decided summarily and unequivocally, by a reference to the effects which, if it be genuine, it must produce.—*Ib.*

It is owing, in many instances, to want of attention to the impressive displays of Wisdom and Omnipotence in the material world, that our pious feelings and devotional exercises are so cold and languid. We stalk about on the surface of the earth, and pass from one day to another, without reflecting on the grand and complicated machinery around us, which is carrying us along through the regions of space, and from one portion of duration to another, as if the mighty energies of the Eternal Mind, exerted in our behalf, were unworthy of our acknowledgment or regard. How few, for example, reflect, when they open their eyes in the morning, and perceive the first beams of the rising sun, that, since they lay down to sleep, the Divine Power has been exerted in carrying them more than four thousand miles round to the eastward, in order that they might again be cheered with the morning light; and that during the same period, they, along with the earth and its vast population, have been carried forward 476,000 miles from that portion of space which they occupied seven hours before. Or, if they have no idea of the motion of the earth, and attach no belief to such an opinion, how is it they do not reflect that, after night has thrown its shades around them, the sun, and ten thousand other vast globes must move several hundreds of millions of miles, before their eyes can again behold the light of day? either the one or the other of these *must be the fact;* and, in either case, there is presented to our view, a display of the omnipotence and the superintendece of Him in whom we live and move, which demands our gratitude, our admiration, and praise. And can it ever be supposed that such reflections, combined with all the other excitements to reverence and gratitude, will not tend to elevate our contemplations, and to raise our pious feelings to a higher pitch of devotion? whether the Psalmist entertained any views of this kind when he composed the ninety-second Psalm, we cannot certainly determine; but I presume the pious and contemplative mind, when awaking from the slumbers of the night, under such impressions, might sing the first part of that song of praise with peculiar emphasis and delight.—"It is a good thing to give thanks to Jehovah, and to sing praises to thy name, O thou Most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work," (or thy powerful energy,) "I will triumph in the works of thy hands. O Lord, HOW GREAT ARE THY WORKS! and thy thoughts (or contrivances) are very deep! A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this."

Dick's Christian Philosopher.

To overlook the amazing scene of Divine Intelligence, or to consider it as beneath our notice, as some have done—if it be not the characteristic of impiety, is, at least, the mark of a weak and undiscriminating mind. That man who disregards the visible displays of Infinite Wisdom, or who neglects to investigate them when opportunity offers, acts as if he considered himself already possessed of a sufficient portion of intelligence, and stood in no need of such sensible assistances to direct his conceptions of the Creator. Pride, and false conceptions of the nature and design of true religion, frequently lie at the foundation of all that indifference and neglect with which the visible works of God are treated, by those who make pretensions to a high degree of spiritual attainments. The truly pious man will trace with wonder and delight, the footsteps of his Father and his God, wherever they appear in the variegated scene of creation around him, and will be filled with sorrow, and contrition of heart, that amidst his excursions and solitary walks, he has so often disregarded "the works of the Lord, and the operation of his hands." *Ib.*

Above fifty thousand species of animals have been detected and described by Naturalist, besides several thousands of species which the naked eye cannot discern, and which people the invisible regions of the waters and the air. And, as the greater part of the globe has never yet been thoroughly explored, several hundreds, if not thousands, of species unknown to the scientific world, may exist in the depths of the ocean, and the unexplored regions of the land. All these species differ from one another in colour, size, and shape; in the internal structure of their bodies, in the number of their sensitive organs, limbs, feet, joints, claws, wings, and fins; in their dispositions, faculties, movements, and modes of subsistence. They are of all sizes, from the mite and the gnat, up to the elephant and the whale, and from the mite downwards to those invisible animalculæ, a hundred thousand of which would not equal a grain of sand. Some fly through the atmosphere, some glide through the waters, others traverse the solid land. Some walk on two some on four; some on twenty, and some on a hundred feet. Some have eyes furnished with two, some with eight, some with a hundred, and some with eight thousand distinct transparent globes, for the purposes of vision. *Ib.*

A clergyman preaching in the neighborhood of Wapping, observing that most part of the audience were in the seafaring way, very naturally embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Among other things, he advised them to be ever on the watch, so that, on whatsoever tack the evil one should bear down upon them, he might be crippled in action. "Aye, master," muttered a son of Neptune, "but let me tell you that will depend upon your having the weather-gauge of him;"—a just, though whimsical remark. *Z. Her.*

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER. There are now fifty mills in Massachusetts for the manufacture of paper. A gentleman who has been long engaged in the business, and who has many facilities for obtaining information on the subject, assures us, that at a moderate calculation, there are manufactured at these fifty mills,—six of which are on the machine principle,—not less than two hundred thousand reams of paper annually. They consume from fifteen to eighteen hundred tons of rags, junk, &c. and give employment to about thirteen or fourteen hundred men, boys, and girls. The value of all the paper made in this State in one year, is estimated at about seven hundred thousand dollars. In New York there are more mills than in Massachusetts; and it is thought to be a reasonable conclusion, that the amount of paper manufactured in six of the United States, will exceed that of the whole in Great Britain. The raw materials, besides what our own country produces, are imported from Leghorn, Hamburg, and other places on the continent of Europe. Great improvement has been made in the art of paper making, in the last ten years, especially in this State. Much that is now made will not suffer in comparison with the best that is imported. Some idea of the amount of paper used may be had from the estimate, that the publisher of a daily paper, of one thousand subscribers, pays not less than three thousand five hundred dollars per annum for his white paper. In this particular we should be obliged to some one who has better opportunities than we have, to inform us of the probable amount and cost of paper used at the principal printing offices in this section of the country.

Paper it is supposed, was first made in Egypt about the time of Alexander. It was manufactured from a species of rush called papyrus, that grew in great profusion on the banks of the Nile. This kind of paper continued to be used till the fifth century. Cotton paper was first made in the tenth century; linen soon after. The art has succeeded best in France, Holland, and Genoa; the products of those countries being better adapted to its successful cultivation. In the annals of England we find that the first paper mill, in that country, was erected at Dartford, in 1588; none but a coarse, brown paper was made there till after the year 1690. The art has gradually approached towards perfection ever since—*Lowell Journal.*

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